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creature whose native home is in the Andes. Mr. Call, (afterward to become Sir Titus Call,) made a fortune by his discovery; & that his work-peopple should benefit by his wealth, <sup>resolved</sup> to transport them from the crowded town to a lonely spot in the Andes valley, here to build a palace-like factory, & a town with many streets of good houses, with schools, a chapel, Sunday schools, public baths & wash-houses, a post <sup>(immediate house)</sup> & a most liberally conducted Institute—  
every thing a philanthropist could provide for the advantage & comfort of his people.  
In 1853 all was ready; & on his fiftieth birthday, Mr. Call led his people out of Brazil and to their new home with colors flying & band playing;  
& with much feasting & rejoicing, the mill people took possession of the bright little town of Saltair.  
A bright, fresh little town it is still; even the great factory is not yet completed, & the two massive engines, bright & beautiful as a drawing-room clock, are kept under glass for the delight of passersby. Many kinds of stuff besides alpaca are made in this great factory; scarcely kind of wool, used in the woolens manufacture, is, as we have seen, collected here. But Saltair has been much written about that it need hardly delay us longer.

Halifax.

It has no power, whether the dozens of smaller towns & clothing villages with paths round back & beyond, the two great centre.

Passing over the long back of one hill piled after another, & being carried through the heart of the hills by no less than four turnpikes, we come upon a town in a valley shaped exactly like a deep basin, with two steep hills shutting it in on all sides. This is Halifax, the third in importance of the West Riding clothing towns. The hill-sides & the valley-banks with chimneys, & the wealthy Halifax manufacturers carry on their works with great spirit, & these are woollen & worsted, as well as cotton. Factories scattered throughout this large parish miss extends as far as Todmorden. An curious branch of Halifax trade is that with South America, the mill-owners having early learned to cater for the tastes of the South American Indians. The manufacturers of the town are very various & interesting - materials for curtains, table-covers, dresses, &c., the Messrs. Crossley's, the largest mill in the town, is a great carpet-factory which employs above 3,000 hands. The action of the loom is forming the loop miss covers the surface of Brussels' carpet, & what may be called the 'sheering' of the carpet known as 'velvet pile' are interesting processes to watch. All kinds of carpets are made here.

Begin the use of machinery in factories became general. Halifax was the centre of the Yorkshire woollen works in early days. English wool was bought at high rates by the Flemish merchants. No other wool was much esteemed by the clothiers. But English-made cloths ~~shipped~~ were as much despised as English wool was esteemed.

again the men of the north broke into open rebellion under their old leaders. But Henry had gained time and was ready for them. Forces were sent northwards under the Duke of Norfolk, towards the king with, "Our pleasure is that before ymclcs upon banners again you shall cause such dreadfull execution to be done upon a good number of the inhabitants of every town, village, shirelet, that have offendid in this rebellion, as well by the hanging them up in trees, as byt quartering of them, the setting of their heads & quarters in every town, - as they may be a fearfull spectat to all others hereafter that would practis any like maltes; which we require you to do without pity or respect according to our former letters."

The insurgents made unsuccessful attacks on Carlisle & York: their leaders were taken prisoners. At Tyburn, Tower Hill, Smithfield, London, Hull the leaders were beheaded. Robert Ash, & that unhappy Lancastrian herald who bent his knee to him, were executed together at York; as to the common people, no doubt the royal "pleasure" was very gaily carried out.

Romford Castle played a memorable part during the Civil War; it was held for the King, sustained the successive sieges from the Parliamentary forces towards the end of the war, Scarborough & Romford were the only strongholds remaining with King. The King dead, Romford was the first place to cry "Long live the King", proclaiming Charles II.; it was not until after a six months' siege, when four fifths of their numbers had fallen, that the garrison capitulated. The Roundheads, according to their custom, dismantled & demolished the Castle, but the demolition was necessary after the heavy cannonading it had received.

## The Beam of the Don.

The Don has its two sources - the Don & the Little Don - in the bleak moorland hills which lie upon the south of the parish of Rotherham. Its beginning is uninteresting but soon the Don carries us into very lovely scenery, as beautiful in its own way as are the picturesque dales of the west & the north-east but the beauty here is of a softer gentle type, with valleys, short & low hills & with the crowning grace which the moorland ~~lends~~ <sup>lends</sup> a region Park, abundant verdure & really fine trees, rich clumps of beech & oak, & odd isolated trees. Breswick a native of Sheffield has illustrated this lovely country very fully. Silkstone, the centre of an important coal-field, lies in the midst of this pleasant country, & has an interesting church, with a monument to Sir Thomas Wentworth this lady. At Wentworth Park, lower down the valley, Sir Thomas lived much, & was ever glad to take signs here from his anxious schemes to sustain a failing cause & an ungrateful king "in looking upon a tulip, hearing a bird sing, a rivulet murmuring" - as he writes. But, to return, Wharncliffe Woods in the southern bend of the river, or the beauty & boast of the Don Valley, it would a heart torn with misery itself to delineate all the charms of the wooded landscape as seen from the terrace running along the rocks known as Wharncliffe Crag. Below the terrace is the 'Dragon's Den' a wild & picturesque recess in the rocks as striking

to well know Pontefract's history.

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It was to its castle that Pontefract owed its ancient fame, a castle that, for 600 years, was the strongest tower of South Yorkshire. When the Conqueror subdued Yorkshire, he granted the lands of this district to an Albert de leacy, &c., finding a high rock cliff commanding the Aire, raised upon it a renowned stronghold, from which he kept much of the West Riding in subjection. An enormous castle it was, surrounded by a high wall, planted by seven towers, & without, was a deep moat to be crossed by a drawbridge. There were dungeons in the keeps, one of them, it is said, to be reached only through a hole in the chamber above. Whenever rebellion or civil war broke out in the Northern counties, both sides struggled for the possession of this stronghold, & that is why the name appears so large a part in English history.

Saint Thomas of Lancaster.

Pontefract first becomes the scene of an important historical event in connection with Thomas of Lancaster, a mighty baron, the grandson of the king, (Henry III.), the lord of five earldoms, who dwelt at his castle of Pontefract with the flat of a prince. He was the people's friend; & not only in Yorkshire, but throughout England, men looked to him to deliver them from the burden of heavy & unjust taxation, which the king Edward I., had imposed to maintain himself & his favourites in idle pleasure. One of these favourites was his favorite, a fat, long-nosed foreigner, who thought little of inuring England's greatest nobles. The exasperated barons, over all times with foreigners & favourites, now under Thomas of

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Lancaster, followed Lancastor to Scarborough Castle, where he had taken refuge, with the Castle, secured their prisoners, & carried him to Blacklow Hill, near Warwick, where he was beheaded by order of Lancaster. The king dissembled his wrath after a while, & the peer was postured up, the victorious barons meeting for the royal pardon at Westminster.

But new favorites soon provoked the jealousy of the barons & the murmurs of the people. This time, two De la Spencers, father & son, stood ready, in the first place, dependents of Thomas of Lancaster. Again, the barons rose under Lancaster, but, this time, to a defeat. A battle was fought at Boroughbridge on the Ouse, Lancaster was taken & was carried down the Ouse to York & thence to his own castle of Pontefract, where the king had seized. There he was tried as a traitor before Edward II, & condemned to death.

The high ground above the castle is known to this day, as St. Thomas's Hill. Hither he was led on a grey pony, the crowd pelting him with mud. "King of heaven!" he cried, "grant me mercy, for my earthly king hath forsaken me!" Having reached the top of the hill, he was beheaded (1322).

The people had, more than once, blamed the earl for taking too much upon himself: but his death cancelled his failings, & therewithal, he was a martyr who had suffered for the public good. Soon it got about that miracles were wrought at his tomb, & the sick, supposing, crowded with offerings to the Priory Church of Pontefract where he was buried. In vain, warned often, were set to watch the tomb, news of pretended miracles continued to be spread abroad, & more than once embassies were sent to the pope, begging for the canonization of the great earl. Whether such canonization took place is not to be doubted; but it is no saint Thomas. Not the great earl in

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is thy throat by a headless arrow. This is reason  
to doubt the story of the death of Rutland for a  
youth seventeen who was then was more likely  
to fall in the heat of the fight than to be carried off  
to field by his shot-breeches.

Within twenty miles from Wakefield, to the north-west,  
is the village of Tadcaster, between that village and it,  
is a meadow, where the grass is very scarce, there is  
a thicket of wild roses, red and white growing together in  
loose clusters. This meadow was the scene of  
the most bloody battle ever fought in English ground.  
Again, an army of the north had gathered under the  
banner of the red rose, to the number, it is said, of  
sixty thousand. The leaders were the ~~earls of Northumberland~~  
Mortimer and other great nobles of the north etc.  
Henry a Queen Margaret, meanwhile, remained in  
safety at York, some eight miles off. An almost  
equal army was gathered under the white rose of York.  
They had a shout ringing in their midst, for  
Edward, the son of the slain York, had been duly  
crowned in Westminster as Edward IV. Moreover,  
they had the Earl of Warwick, the 'King-maker'.  
At four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon - the  
29<sup>th</sup> of March, 1461, the eve of Palm Sunday - it is said  
that the two armies met, & fought blindly -  
through the night, & on into the quiet of Palm Sunday,  
the snow falling thick all the time, laying a  
desert sheet over the plain. No quarter & no prisoners  
was the order on both sides. At first, they fought  
with arrows, but the arrows missed in the blinding  
snow, so the men threw aside their bows, & drew their

Their swords, & a terrible hand to hand struggle began. At last, the Lancastrians began to give way, retreating in order until they reached the little river Coquet. And winds round the 'Bloody Meadow', were at this time swollen by heavy rains. They descended the river by a very steep road, the men from behind fell headlong upon those in front, so many perished in the water that the rest crossed over the dead bodies of their comrades. The slaughter was fearful - even if it fell below the 40,000 of traditional report. ~~Half the~~ nearly half the Lancastrians fell, including Northumberland & others of their leaders. The Earls of Devon & Hereford were taken prisoners & beheaded at York, where their heads faced the Micklegate Bar. The Duke of Somerset & Exeter escaped to York with the fatal news in time to see the retreat of the king & queen into Scotland.

### Memories of Pontefract.

"Romps! Romps! Other bloody prison  
Latet & ominous to noble peers!" Rich. III.

Before quitting the low valley, we must visit the town of Pontefract, a place of extraordinary historical interest. It is a clean pleasant country town where, on Saturdays, is an important market for corn & cattle. A rather unusual crop is raised in the neighborhood: long ridges of a pretty plant with gathery leaves appear in the fields: for four years this plant - is allowed to grow & then it is pulled up by the roots, long roots reaching ten or twelve feet into the ground. These roots are powdered, & the juice expressed is made into dark lozenges stamped with the Pontefract crest.

him that he should reign on the rest of his life, but that at his death, the Crown should pass to the House of York. Henry agreed, but his wife, Queen Margaret, was unwilling to sacrifice the claims of her son, Edward, Prince of Wales. The House of Lancaster had many friends in the north, & making York her rallying place, the Queen raised a northern army of 18,000 men. Many powerful nobles joined her standard - the Lords Clifford & West, the Earls of Northumberland & of Westmorland, the Dukes of Somerset & Exeter. She better trained this army. She had proclaimed to her forces liberty & plunder to country south of the Trent.

The Duke of York set out from London to meet her, with no more than four or five hundred men. Stationed on a two-covered hill nearly two miles from Wakefield, as still to be seen from fragments of Sandal Castle, at that time a prison belonging to Richard. Here he took up his quarters to wait for the arrival of his son, Edward, Earl of March, with a contingent from Wales. The Queen advanced with her troops, but failed to force the castle. She then placed troops in ambush on either side of Wakefield green, under the command of Lord Clifford & the Earl of Westmorland; & appearing before the castle with the main body of her army, with many trumpets & drums she provoked the Duke to battle. York left the protection of Sandal castle & descended with his small army upon the green. "But," says Hall, "then he was in the plain ground between his castle & the town of Wakefield, he was environed on every side like a fish in a net, or a deer in a buckstall; so that he, manfully fighting, was within halberds' blow & deer, his whole army discomfited. ---

with his wife, besides his noble friends, two thousand eight hundred others, whereof many were young gentlemen, heirs of great parentage in the south part. Those ladies revenged their deaths within 4 months meet & in immediate ensuing."

Lord Clifford, whose father had been slain at the battle of St. Albans, had taken oath that he would not leave alive a man of the house of York; and, "for slaying his father at Wakefield, he was called the butcher" (but the story goes, that he came to the place when York lay dead & covered with wounds, & to shew upon his head, set on it a crown of paper, & spied it on a pole & presented it to his queen, & which present was much joy, but many laughed then that soon lamented after. The Queen had the head carried to York, spied upon Micklegate Bar -

"So York may overlook the towns of York." Another but is that of Clifford's ferocity in this battle. While the fight was raging, the young Earl of Rutland, the second son of Richard of York, 'a fair gentleman & a maiden-like person', was fortune secretly led away from the field by his schoolmaster. But he was over espied by Clifford who demanded who the boy was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but knelt on his knees, imploring mercy, & with holding up his hands & making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. 'Save him,' said his schoolmaster, 'for he is ominous & may serve you yet.' With that word, Clifford snatched him, & said, 'Thy father slew mine as well I do the all thy kin,' whereon he seized his dagger & slew the boy. Three months later, Clifford himself fell on the eve of Pentecost,